

beating minecraft before i cum

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by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Dream challenges George to beat minecraft, but every time he gets hurt, his cock ring vibrates while he cock warms him.

Notes

enjoy cringechamp feel free to point out spelling/grammar mistakes ig

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream's incisors gnaw at his bottom lip, his body lazing on the chair scrolling yet again through the last bits of George's ice video. His eyes flicker with intrigue at shaking limbs and chattering teeth. Not one regret is speckled on his face—not even when helping George clean the ice water up(and consequently getting splashed at).

It's a damn shame George had to wear black clothing, even though he had the luxury of seeing George up close, but it was a smart—not to mention extremely necessary—choice. The consequences otherwise might have had him run off, not from his platform, but out of embarrassment. The consequences of wet, translucent fabric and an audience too wide it would be

impossible to get publicly ostracized (even though praised in secret). And Dream, of all people, knows the feeling.

Other than that, George probably would've hated for the entire world to see his nipples through a sopping wet shirt.

Not Dream, though. If that isn't obvious already.

He continues scanning through the raw timeline, adoring every bit of hesitation George has before sitting back into the frigid bath. His cheeks are flushed a delicate rose trying to keep him warm, and Dream reminisces of the goosebumps that he felt under his fingers when they cuddled up that night. George's lips quiver on the monitor, and his voice trembles, weakened by temperature—his hair, so saddeningly, is not slicked with wet at all. Dream's mouth waters regardless.

The same reaction occurred with the shirt video—Dream sat through Twitter and found every and any good screenshot, scanning through each GIF and fancam, namely those whose content had George's hair a mess, tiny sheens of sweat clinging to his forehead. And especially the bits where he was left breathless and pink and ditzy from the manual labor. Sometimes he would look at the camera with a face of mercy and Dream would fall forward in the heat of allure, hand palming the space between his legs, yet too lazy to get past the layers of fabric.

He had left these files blatantly open a night not too long ago by mistake—very likely having gotten distracted—along with lotion and tissues for George to come across in the midst of trying to find him. Unsurprisingly, he had laughed, knowing his rightful power as both Dream's boyfriend and the ownership of a pretty privilege card when Dream found him staring at the mess.

"Why didn't you just ask?" George had said.

"You were editing! I didn't want to be like 'hey can you come have sex with me real quick? I just watched a video of you taking off shirts and now I'm turned on.'"

"Well... you didn't have to word it like *that*," he giggled, "But... true, I guess."

It's sickening that he wants to fuck George so bad sometimes. It truly, genuinely, is sickening. And it's nothing new, either. If he didn't know better, George would think he's a sex addict.

But needless to say, Dream is both an expert, perhaps even his own evil villain, for suggesting such strange challenges.

And, giving in, he's about to make another list on his notes app.

Dream offers his next proposal as George cleans the dishes for that night. The conversation starts with leaning on the island counter behind him, silently cursing the sink's hissing water for interrupting his attempt at malicious charm.

"Any ideas for your next vid?"

"No, you're going to steal them," George dismisses playfully.

Dream sways off the table and leans close, just at the edge of sinister. His presence becomes daunting, like the head of organized crime, especially because he's so good with deals, "I got one, if you want it."

Immediately: "...What's the catch?" George questions, head shifting slightly to listen anyway.

“Well....” Dream starts to backtrack, weaseling around the surprise—he should know George is used to his schemes by now, “Nothing *major* .”

Firmer, it sounds more like a statement rather than an inquiry, “What’s the catch, Dream?”

“I mean...” he sways back and forth, “You wouldn’t be able to upload the video.”

Confusion turns on his face, “What?”

Dream shrugs, trying to hide a smile, “Unless it’s on Pornhub or something—”

“Dream!” George’s hands freeze from their occupation, eyes widening.

“What?” he finally chuckles.

George resumes to the sink, “Just tell me what it is already—what, is it a sex tape?”

Dream trails his hands to the waistband of George’s pants, teasing his fingers around, brushing them up his torso, but never inserting his thumbs in to feel the skin on his hips. In his grasp, a hungry shiver emanates from George’s body.

“Basically,” he answers simply.

“...What do you mean *basically*?”

Dream nudges his head closer, whispering gravelly, “*Beating Minecraft before you cum* basically.”

George shuts off the water for a moment, fondly exasperated, and puts a plate on the rack, “You’re literally some sort of sex animal—you’re actually crazy, Dream.”

He quirks an eyebrow, “Is that a yes?”

“Offer me a favor, first.”

“Favor? My dick is the favor,” he jokes.

“How about you do the rest of the dishes for the night?” He holds out a spoon and shakes it slightly, “And for the rest of the week.”

“But it’s your turn tonight.”

“It’s part of the favor, Dream,” George fake pouts, “Please?”

Dream, as of anyone, cannot possibly deny the service. Any ounce of protest washes away from his throat. He gestures weakly in defeat, “Move over.”

George giggles, their places switching as it is his turn to talk while he leans on the counter and bites the nail of his thumb in thought.

“So, what were you thinking?” he asks, almost condescendingly, “How are we doing this challenge? You can’t fuck me for two hours, Dream—is that actually what you’re going to do—Dream, you’ll be exhausted!”

“Relax, relax,” Dream wipes the porcelain clean with a rag, “I was thinking... we get a vibrating cockring-thing, and it would buzz every time you get hurt in game. And you’d sit on my dick, too.”

George sputters, “You’re insane.”

“Don’t have to repeat it,” Dream comments, “You already know that.”

“Question is.... *why?*”

“Well, it’d be fun! Just think of it as... a video we get to keep.”

“Fun, huh?”

“Yeah, just you and me. No one else can watch it.”

The small silence George offers is enough to tell Dream that he is at least partially interested.

“Whatever, we’ll look through Amazon and see,” George says.

“No, don’t look through Amazon—get something from, like, a real sex toy store.”

“What?” George smiles teasingly, “Like Bad Dragon?”

“...Bad Dragon doesn’t sell cock rings, I don’t think. Try, uhh... I looked at this site called Lovehoney—it’s pretty well-put. Try it.”

“Wow, looks like someone did their research already,” George pulls out his phone and types in the website’s name, laughing a moment later, “Oh, what? This site has a student discount.”

“See? Told you.”

George huffs out an amused breath, “Would’ve liked it when I was still in Uni.”

Dream puts the last dish away, “Well, now you have me.”

“Mhm, sure.”

He wipes his hands down his shirt, nudging his body close to look at George’s screen just shy of having his breath ghost on his neck. A spark of the eye catches his interest, and he points an item out as George scrolls past it.

“That one looks cute. Not too complicated.”

It’s a sleek, royal blue—hard material encased in rubber, with an app that comes with it and different power settings. Dream sees a slight smile from George out of the corner of his eye, almost as if he’s impressed.

Technology sure is wonderful.

“Well, since you’re so *knowledgeable* about this thing, you can do all the work for it,” the ghost of George’s words suddenly heat to eight levels of sugary hell on Dream’s skin, “And then you get to fuck me as good as you want.”

Sparks blaze in Dream’s chest, breath nearly stolen from surprise.

“I—alright!”

George laughs at his embarrassment.

The order arrives two afternoons after they have a bit of a conversation about George’s dick size,

most notably the girth(which ends up being around two inches in diameter). They steal the code from their long-time, old shock videos, and after a couple of hours they manage to connect the cock ring to the app to Minecraft. Somehow.

They test it out, though mentally drained, and wait another day to enjoy it.

And so it becomes a cool evening some time later, George squirming under Dream's hands roaming on his heaving chest and scrambling under his shirt. They're in George's set up, now in the form of the mattress pulled to the edge of his desk, webcam pressed on. A phone lies on his desk. Its glow faintly displays the app that the cock ring functions with, though, with the amount that Dream predicts George will get hurt, he figures he won't need it much.

Lips slide against lips— Dream feels George's thighs as legs hook around his back, hips bucking.

George lets Dream pull off his clothes, exposing his soon-to-be trembling limbs and half-hard dick. Dream's eyes flicker to the camera, its recording studio, and confirms they're running smoothly, but honestly, not giving too much thought into it. It won't matter when they're sweaty and riding the line of bliss, anyway.

Their clothes are thrown off, bodies no longer kept by tight restrictions. Dream grabs the toy from the desk and fiddles with it between his fingers.

"Ready?" he says between kisses.

He senses George nod his head, lips fervently chasing. A delicate hand takes his wrist and guides the toy down to George's cock. With a hitch of a breath, it eases down and fits snug on his length. A devious smile spreads on Dream's face as George gasps when he strokes it.

"Perfect," he whispers, gripping George's chin and turning it towards the monitors. He licks his sweet sin on his neck, nibbling and blowing hot sighs on the warm slick.

George giggles, unhooking his legs and crawling towards the set up, "I'm going! Calm down, Dream."

Dream smiles on his skin and hums as George kneels before the computer, knees dipping the mattress and the weight of the sheet's wrinkles center around them. Dream settles close behind, rubbing his thumbs on George's hip bones before grabbing the lube.

The screen opens up to Minecraft's loading menu, a cute giggle shaking George's shoulders as he stares at the splash text's "Dreamnotfound <3" bouncing at the corner of the logo.

Dream sees his amusement, "I'm about to fuck you, and you laugh at that?"

"I don't know, it's just funny!"

He rolls his eyes, coating his fingers in the cold slick with a smile. George loads the world and types the command in the chat. The cock ring buzzes a little when it activates, making George's thighs tense just the tiniest bit.

"Test it," Dream wants to torture him, grasping on the fat of his legs, "Stand on that sweet berry."

As if he's lost the idea of objecting, George immediately presses the W key to walk forward. A jolt racks his body at the second buzz when he touches the block.

Sighing silently, "Okay.... yeah, it's working."

“You can start, I’m gonna finger you, alright?”

“You better not make it hard for me.”

Dream laughs, “What? You, or the game?”

“Both.”

“Keep talking, and I’ll set it at hardcore.”

“What? That’s not fair— *Dream!* ”

George is interrupted when Dream reaches over and presses on the app’s button, almost digging his finger onto the screen. In his arms, George starts to quake at its increasing intensity, mouth parting from biting his lips in an attempt to hold his arousal together. The cockring sends sparks of pleasure way too soon, devouring his length in lust. A malicious grin splits Dream’s cheeks.

Cruelty.

“Okay—okay, okay,” heavy breathing, “It’s fair—oh my—oh my God— *Dream.*”

Dream releases his finger and George relaxes.

“What was that?” he quips.

“Nothing, you’re so annoying—put that away!” George laughs deliriously, voice coaxed in a plea for mercy.

Dream sets his phone next to him, “You know, I’d thought we didn’t need this but I think I’ll keep it right here. Just for you to behave, alright?”

“*Dream.*”

His response only resolves in a chuckle, sliding his hand down George’s back. As the first set of tools are clicked in his hotbar, he eases the first finger in. George grips the mouse just a little tighter, his movement becoming a tad more rigid, trying their best to concentrate on the game. Lightheadedness seeps into his skin as he scans through the biome, only to find uselessness in a forest of spruce trees.

The finger inside him pumps slowly—it’s thick, and bigger than his own. George has to occasionally pause, getting used to the intrusion. It stretches him carefully—distant squelches and hitched breaths mingle in between the speaker’s ambient noise.

George, quite honestly, isn’t sure he can beat this challenge. Even Dream’s fingers are enough to make him collapse—they know his body, so much so that one would consider it obsessive. Dream knows his sensitive spaces—the plush skin on his legs leading down to his taint, the ridges of his ribs, his pretty neck that’s been littered with hickies time and time again. He wonders how long Dream has been waiting for a challenge like this to be done, just to ruin him, to make him a complete and utter mess.

In fact, he’s surprised it hasn’t been done already.

Filthy noises struggle out of his throat after Dream circles his middle finger around his g-spot. Already, the creeping edge of peak bliss drags its sinful touches down his torso and the skin on his stomach—slow and tantalizing. Slathered with this evil, moreso annoying, venomous intent.

Dream takes notice—George’s emotiveness will be his demise(although it is very cute).

“Whimpering already? I thought you could take it.”

Considering this challenge is going to last upwards of an hour or so, it’s preferable to exercise some restraint. And Dream is always seconds from breaking it, no matter what point he’s at.

Another finger slips in, making George still. His mouth tries its best to hold in his sounds, though hums tend to slip out as a failed attempt.

George takes some fall damage, eliciting a gasp.

“C’mon, you can do better than that,” Dream coos, feeling him tremble around his mere hand. Eyes flickering to the screen, he sees that George has spotted a village. The sunset starts to blend into a pink and orange shade, “There you go.”

“Can I—Can I at least sleep the first night?”

“Go ahead—I’ll be easy on you. Just this once, though.”

George giggles a pathetic whine, “Does that mean I can’t sleep for the rest of that challenge?”

“You got that right.”

He scrunches up his face and throws his head back, “You’re mean!!”

“It’ll feel good,” Dream says softly, “I promise you’ll enjoy the nights.”

With that, George takes the third finger, shuddering as it squelches hotly, sinisterly, between his legs. Dream continues his dying pace. Occasionally, he’ll take out his hand and rub his taint. Delight swirls in his eyes as George writhes on his touch.

“*Fuck!* Oh my God—”

George is hit by a baby zombie, sending the cockring repeated signals. Incessant, vain profanities entwine with shaky whimpers, dripping out of his mouth every time the cock ring buzzes. It’s almost torturous, and Dream is a sadist.

A long moan drags out to a near-sob. George’s legs quiver against Dream, and he eyes them hungrily.

“Keep this up and you won’t last long, George,” Dream says, “My poor princess—are you even ready to take my cock.”

“I’m beating this challenge!” George says desperately, crashing into the bounds of spite, “I want it — give me your cock. Let’s see if *you* can beat this challenge.”

“Oh,” Dream’s eyes widen, pulling out his fingers, but not without smothering George’s sweet spot, whose next breath is sweetly shaky, “Alright then.”

Hands on his hips, Dream lifts George to guide himself in between his legs, touching the head of his dick between his flesh.

George whines feebly, needily, “Put it in.”

“You gotta go down yourself—your pace, this time.”

He releases the keyboard and mouse, palms pressing at the edges of the desk to steady his body. His toes curl, an exhale held in to amplify the sound of his heartbeat.

Needless to say, Dream's dick is far from small. The first time they had sex—particularly a blowjob, George's throat became incredibly raw. He had cried. Cum and drool had dribbled down his chin. His jaw hurt for the rest of the night, and Dream couldn't even kiss him.

The lingering guilt lasted until morning, but George assured him he was fine.

When Dream first *fucked* him, it took him four fingers to get used to his size. George was a moaning mess, so weakened by ecstasy that he came twice and cried with drool—they were in doggy style (Dream's favorite position) and George's elbows, much less *hands*, had barely kept him steady up. Half the time, his face was in the pillows muffling his moans and screams, toes curled and legs shaking violently.

There was a very high chance, through George's post-orgasm deliriousness, that he had to get carried to the shower because both his ass and his hips *hurt*.

And this is partly why Dream gives himself a pat on the back for his ludicrous ideas. Because George likes it *rough*. And he has the impression that George would compliment him by now, if he wasn't focused on trying not to cum sinking down on his cock.

George lurches forward and clenches down when he reaches the base, the slick length just barely grazing his sweet spot. It makes Dream's eyes roll back, hooded lids trying to cover his moment of lust.

"Why do they do so much damage—*fuck!*" George squeezes again and scrambles for the keyboard, apparently to get away from an iron golem, "What did I even do—I did nothing!"

"Maybe you hit a villager by accident," Dream suggests, "Happens all the time."

"I swear I didn't—oh my *God*."

George's in-game character somehow finds a safe place to hide. Releasing his hands again, he carefully steadies himself and looks at the screen to confirm his safety before continuing to lower.

A high whine whispers from his throat when he finally settles at the bottom of Dream's stomach. His back arches as he tries to get used to the size.

Dream, consequently, runs his hands down George's chest, nails just grazing on his skin. Soon enough, a gluttonous wave snakes up his body when he can sense George shiver under his touch. A louder, yet still soft, moan enters his ears—helpless mercy.

"That tickles," George whines through a trembling voice, "Idiot."

"I bet you like it, hm?" Dream presses.

He doesn't answer, letting the silence do the work for him. They both know it already—they link like that.

George bites his lip and returns his attention to beating the game. His dick twitches in the cockring. It doesn't necessarily squeeze his length like it's supposed to, so he could cum at any second, really.

Fragility and obedience color the edges of his sighs. Even in his nature to be witty, it will do

anything but save him from spilling all over his keyboard right then and there.

Embarrassing, truly.

And oh *God*, they didn't even think of the mess he'll make. He's sure the eye roll he makes is caught on camera.

"You're doing so good, George," Dream mumbles into his neck, clasping his own hands in front of his stomach—it's almost like a sweet, tender hug, frosted over in the limelight of dominance, "Careful, don't wanna cum yet, right? You've barely started—you don't wanna set a record, do you?"

"Okay—shut up, I know that—oh, *fuck!*"

He's cut off by a distant creeper explosion. His chest heaves up and down and a moan drips from his throat.

"I'm turning the volume up," he says between shaky breaths, "I did *not* hear that creeper hiss."

"I don't think you wouldn't have gotten hurt, anyway—you don't have a shield yet."

"I'm getting one, soon—*ah!*"

He's interrupted again, though this time, it's by Dream rolling his hips up.

"Dream! That's cheating," he giggles desperately.

Dream kisses his shoulder, "Aw, really? I didn't think you would mind."

"Let me play! I'm gonna lose if you keep doing that."

Up on the screen, George is in the middle of a cave looking for resources and such.

It's teeming with mobs, and Dream chuckles.

His fingers can't help but dig into the supple flesh on George's thighs; feel them shake with eroticism and compliance. Delightful wickedness glistens in his irises. Staggered moans and muttered swears pool on George's tongue as his health bar ticks down every living second—they're uncontrollable, void of any thought behind the vibrations clinging onto his poor, ruined dick. His back arches, head knocking into the space next to Dream's, though Dream is quick to pull him back towards his own body and rub circles on his hips in an attempt to soothe him.

"Oh—oh my, *fuck*, oh my God—"

His feeble squeaks send a darkening chill up Dream's arms. With George's neck being exposed, he presses his lips next to his Adam's apple—grazes his teeth lightly, not enough to bruise or color, but just to make George frustrated.

"You doing alright?" Dream teases.

"I would be if you'd just *chill*," George huffs, "Have at least some restraint, Dream."

Dream laughs, obliging a little.

"Okay... I just made a shield. I'll be alright, for now, I think."

Dream sinks his head into the dip of George's back, savoring it like the cold side of a pillow, perhaps. Forgiving and gentle. It's the least he can do—the calm before George is begging to be fucked and devastated by the same cock that he silently worships.

He can tell right from his body language, words unneeded, when that will happen—when George will refuse to admit weakness, yet crave it at the same time. It's something terribly intrinsic about him.

But George seems to get used to the cockring's vibration, jolting less and less when he gets hit(though they still spark malicious sensations into Dream's bones). Perhaps it's just that he has armor and a shield, but his noises are forever prominent.

It's probably one of Dream's favorite traits about him—no matter the situation, George will make any sort of sound, be it a whimper, a scream, or *especially* his moans, at *anything*. He's seen and heard it before. He often used to squeal—moreover *mewl* for him, until their fans would point it out and he'd get self conscious.

People watch their videos for Minecraft, not a porn channel—of course they would say something.

It's a little sad, honestly. He misses hearing George's obscene profanities while he edits his videos. He wonders how many outsiders mistake his admittedly lewd noises for pornographic content.

Then, another flurry of squeals releases from George's pretty lips. Even in the most atrocious scenarios, he remains beautiful as can be. Or maybe these circumstances enhance that inherent delicacy in him.

His small, reflexive moments send pulsing sparks down Dream's cock—warm wetness brings it to an unnoticeable twitch. When George squirms, so much as stiffens, Dream can't help but throw his head back and let a sigh trickle out.

At one point, George grinds his hips on accident, and a breathless groan is muffled in between his shoulder blades.

"*Fuck*, George," a mumble gets lost in the kisses on George's neck.

It takes him the strength of his whole body not to rut his hips up. Just to be nice. George wiggles on purpose, now—playing with fire, really, and giggles. Thrill travels through Dream's body, his eyes rolling back and his hands tightening, thumbs rubbing circles, on George's pelvis bones. Dream huffs a staggered breath into his hair, resting his face into the fluffy tufts.

"Looks like someone's having a great time," George sing-songs faintly.

"Hey—you should be grateful," Dream allows himself to thrust just once, making George moan and swear, "You would've came by now, if I wasn't nice."

"How long is it gonna take you to stop being nice?"

And Dream lets all of it pour out, "When I know you can take it. Fuck you so good, you won't walk the next day," he whispers, "And everyone will wonder why you'd be gone for a week, hm?"

The declaration shatters any sort of cheekiness remaining in George's mind. The embodiment of pure docility and exhilarating fear and sweet dread.

He has to be careful, though, because he's about to enter the most difficult part in his progress; so arduous, in fact, that anything he's already done would compare tastelessly—a measly cakewalk.

In short, he is one press of the *w* key away from entering the Nether. And God forbid he catches on fire.

But let's keep it realistic.

George, internally, has the notion that no matter what happens, he's bound to die in the first few minutes. The swirling warps of people disappear, and much to his dismay, flakes of ash fall down his screen.

Horror falls on his face; a silent whine expresses his annoyance, if Dream can't tell how he feels about the journey already.

"You're actually kidding, I'm going to die here!" he complains.

"Aw, that's okay," Dream reassures, although suspiciously condescending, "We can just teleport you back."

"And you'd do that?"

Dream chuckles, sin creeping up the low fry of his voice, "For a deal, yeah."

"I knew you'd say that," George huffs, "Do I at least get to find out what that deal is?"

"Die first, and you'll see."

"No thanks."

Dream lets him tuck on the keyboard, going wherever he needs to go. The soft illumination of the slate and orange casts a pretty film onto George's face. His eyes narrow to his health bar, and trail down to the cockring gripping George's length. Precum glides down the pinkish skin, dripping off the toy in a lovely manner.

George's breath pauses and goes, paying attention to every single move. The tip of his dick is glistening with precum, so sensitive that any given touch might draw a moan out of his shiny, rosy lips, his skilled tongue and throat. Shakily, he moves forward, flicking the mouse back and forth, but failing to process much of what happens on the computer. The LED lights underneath the keycaps show through the letters, but blur as his mind gets hazy from arousal.

Suddenly, the silicon around his cock pulses—his eyelashes flutter and the muscles in his thighs tense. Bliss runs through his legs and curls his toes as the sensation makes sparks discharge down his chest.

"Ah! Mnnh—oh, *fuck*," he shivers, unable to keep his whimpers in—his member is throbbing from repeated signals and his torso writhes beautifully, almost rocking his hips down to chase that lust, "*Dream*, *Dreamm*."

The health bar ticks lower each passing moment, the hiss of lava and fire emanating from the speakers. He mewls and squeaks, mouth falling open and drool dances on the edge of his lips. Dream wishes he could see his expression. Soft lashes keeping in tears and flushed cheeks hugging his face. A lighthearted slap to the fat of his leg colors his skin even rosier, the sound that accompanies it even sweeter.

"Fuck, *fuck*, Dream."

Even his swears glow in the pit of arousal.

“Pretty princess. So talented,” Dream whispers in his ear, staring carefully at the leaking cock below them, “You haven’t died. Yet.”

“Well, yeah,” George says through his breathlessness, “For... for—uhm—”

“For what? Being my fucktoy?”

“Don’t say that!” George sputters, prominent blush and nervous smile quickly turning into a shudder, “...yes.”

Chk.

A gasp. George turns his mouse and the screen displays a magma cube. He’s hit again; half a heart goes down, yet George’s sensitivity has him curl his toes.

“*Mmmf*—!”

Dream slides his hands down his chest, brushing the back of his knuckles all over the expanse of his skin, observes him writhe and strain his muscles.

“*Dream— mnngh—*”

“Careful, there, you don’t want to catch on fire again,” he teases.

George tries to hide his stutter, but fails, “Ob—obviously.”

The screen is jittering from electricity in his hands. A wavering breath releases from his throat as he drowns in his eroticism. The beat in his head entices him to let go of the mouse, forget the challenge, and ride Dream instead. Through his unfocused vision, a fortress pokes through the basalt blocks, but he’s not sure that the sigh he gives is from relief or apprehension. Perhaps both, but it won’t matter.

Dream sees the hearts take a painful hit, a second later, George’s body having the urge to give out at the lovely sensation. Wicked bliss throbs in between his legs as he feels friction and warmth and wetness rub against his cock. Breathless groans permeate his skin, seep into his tongue as it flows out.

“Such a good toy,” he grunts, fingers digging into George’s flesh.

George keens further at the praise, the degradation.

“Toy,” George repeats.

“What?” Dream says, “Anything else you like to be called?”

“No,” he replies, “Well, yeah, but I think ‘toy’ is funny.”

Dream hums, “I think princess fits you most, see?” Dream gestures vaguely with the shrug of his shoulders, “You’re sitting on a throne.”

George giggles, turning his head around, “Really? It’s more like a... neon lime gamer chair—!”

A yelp. His body bounces with the roll of Dream’s hips.

Dream averts his eyes, “Maybe you’re right.”

“Maybe you’re annoying.”

A low rumble of a laugh comes from Dream’s chest, “Watch out, by the way.”

George flicks his face right back to the screen, “What— ! ”

An explosion and a small cry emit from the speakers, weaved with a string of delicate curses and light sobs. The vibrations are relentless and vile, racking his body with fireworks in his blood. Flushed with a demanding shade of raspberry, he can’t help but twist at every pulse of the cockring, shifting his tremor-soaked hands to move with the bigger ones that rest on his hips—squeezing them, pulling at the skin.

“Fuck— *fuck*,” he drawls out gasping, “Fuck, I’m gonna die!”

Tears wet his eyes glassy and clear. The screen turns up red at the final buzz and all of the muscles in George’s body ease, chest heaving and legs holding onto their last bit of energy before going limp.

“You at least made it this far. Ready for your bargain, princess?”

“Let me teleport back,” he whines.

“Count for me.”

George initially responds to the question with confused silence.

“What?” he finally asks.

Then, Dream grips onto his torso lifting it until the head of his dick is only inches away from pulling out, and snaps his hips upwards. To this, George’s eyes flutter, an obscene noise falling off his tongue.

“That’s one. Count to ten, okay? I’ll let you teleport, but count to ten.”

“F—ffuck, okay.” Dream thrusts up again, teasing around his g-spot. “ *Fuck!* T—two.”

And so it repeats, George hazily trying to respawn, the keys being but blank symbols to him, devoid of meaning.

“*Three.*”

It is nothing but insanity.

“F—four. Oh my God, Dream, *fuck.*”

The tears now finally melt into the corners of his eyes, spilling, but not rolling down quite yet. Five. Six. Seven and eight. The quiet before each slap of skin is deafening, but there is not a moment without a whimper.

“*Nine,*” George squeaks through strained lust, “T—ten.”

Calloused hands, soft thumbs toy with the pink buds on his chest. Animalism dances with bluelight and LEDs. George’s avatar picks up what is left of his things, but he really doubts they’ll last long. True deliriousness begins to seep in, sore legs supporting an aching cock. His oncoming orgasm is uncontrollable at this point, and Dream’s patience is thinning, visions of coloring George with filthy marks growing more prominent every second.

“*Mnnh! Fuck!*” George’s thighs tremble as he takes another hit—he’s an absolute wreck, “Dream—*fuck*—I’m gonna cum, I can’t make it the whole way.”

“That’s not what you said to me when I did my shock stream,” Dream teases.

A pathetic, high-pitched whine hums from his throat and he grinds down onto Dream’s length, “Please, *hah*, let me cum—Dream, lemme cum, I need to cum.”

“You really want it that badly?”

“Yes,” he cries, “Fuck me.”

Maybe at another time Dream would refuse, and let him play until he’s more than wrecked, sweating and weakened. He’s already begging and sobbing, twitching at every move. But Dream lets it slide—his cock has been warmed for long enough.

He shifts further back to the head of the bed, essentially dragging George away—*manhandling him*—from the keyboard with a firm grip on his hips. George doesn’t bother to right himself, preferring to lay limp on the sheets with Dream’s cock inside.

“Do you want the cock ring off?” Dream asks gently.

“Yes,” George whispers into the fabric, “Want your hand.”

He reaches over to ease the toy off his dick, though George’s involuntary thrashing limbs prove it quite troublesome. He gives George a few pumps—consequently getting his entire palm wet with precum. Snail-paced and agonizing, yet firm, George squeals and clenches the sheets in his fists. Delight flows through Dream’s smile watching the muscles in George’s body tense.

“Okay, okay,” Dream slides his large hands across George’s legs, feeling their plush softness contrast and fill the spaces between his fingers, “You did so well.”

He catches a small, almost inaudible noise before slowly pulling out, and snapping his hips forward. Immediately, George’s calves jolt, his toes curl. The pace Dream begins is far from fast, but each thrust is concentrated and rough. Obscene skin slaps on obscene skin, some areas turning pink on George’s end.

A constant waterfall of hot moans falls muffled into the sheets. Every moment is a bliss-induced cry and a creaking bed. Yearning, quivering sighs and curled toes. The toy is left static, and so is the game.

They both had a feeling they wouldn’t finish it.

George turns his head so that his mouth is exposed, “Dream—Drea—Dream. Flip me over.”

“You want to see me, huh? You—,” he releases a low sigh, eyes slipping closed, “You missed my face?”

George ghosts his hands over the one’s on his hips, “Please.”

With that, Dream kneels back to pull out. George collapses down with a rough shove and lands with a soft yelp. There’s a ferocity in Dream’s eyes that he catches when he turns his head up, right before being tossed to his back. His legs hook onto Dream’s shoulders, bones stained with gratification when not a tick of time is wasted fucking into him again. Breathless, his weary arms reach for Dream’s chest, feeling him up and down with the bounce of his pace.

His small hands find their way up to his neck, his hair— fingers fondle with the strands, thumbs tracing his jawline. Dream’s eyelids lowered and huffs of air hot, he leans down to press his lips against George’s, and they realize it’s the first time in the challenge they kiss.

George’s eyes roll back, wave of lust clawing into his expression. A deep moan melts on his tongue, quieted by Dream’s mouth. Tears finally roll down to the side of his face—he’s whimpering and whining, chest heaving from both the physical labor and the act of crying.

“Dream, Dr—Dreamm,” he stammers, gasping, “I’m gonna cum.”

“You can cum, now,” Dream kisses the space between his eyes and chuckles between huffs, “I’m —*fuck*, I’m impressed.”

He reaches down to jerk George off, cock slobbered in precum, some of it already dripping down to make a mess on his stomach. His body tenses, a scream of Aphrodite’s death and rebirth runs through his lungs as cream splatters on his skin, and Dream strokes so that every last bit comes out like a cruel, torturous God, until he’s writhing from overstimulation. Sobbing.

Sobbing and squirming—fragile and worshipped.

Not long after, Dream releases with a steady groan, cum leaking from between George’s legs. The final forms of fatigue begin to set in, along with slight skin irritation and developing bruises washing in from the aftermath of sensuality’s waves. Twitching as Dream pulls out, George flops his head into the mattress as a sign of rest.

“So,” Dream regains his composure, though from the sheens of sweat stuck to his body show an intense need of inactivity, “Did you like that?”

“Well... I found out that I can’t last a run. I have a feeling...*you* certainly did.”

Dream laughs heartily this time, plopping down on his stomach and tracing the cum left on George’s chest. George cracks a smile of exasperation, rolling his eyes as he lifts his hand to interlock with Dream’s, despite the cum on his fingertips.

“Means I’m just that good.”

“You just want me to say that it was because I’m *bad* instead of you being *good*. Because you just sat there.”

“Doesn’t mean I didn’t turn you on.”

George releases his fingers to slap him lightly with the back of his hand, to which Dream shifts upright.

“I’m gonna turn off the recording,” he says.

Ah. The recording. He almost forgot. But George grabs his arm with a weak hand.

Softly, “Wait. Stay.”

Groggily, “Kinda creepy if you want us to record ourselves sleeping.”

“No, it’s part of the sex tape. You’re in your sex-tape making arc.”

Dream leans back down, indulging in George’s silliness. *Silly goose*, as one goes. A breathless laugh.

“For you maybe.”

Entangled legs and warm arms and gentle hands. He presses kisses to the outer corners of his eyes —where tears had rolled down his skin.

“Sorry for making you cry.”

“It just means it felt good.”

End Notes

ngl.... i would have made this longer if i had the mental capacity to write the entire run, ending felt kinda rough. however!!! i am exhausted. follo me at @hydroxight on twitter BECAUSE!! i have art for it ;)

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